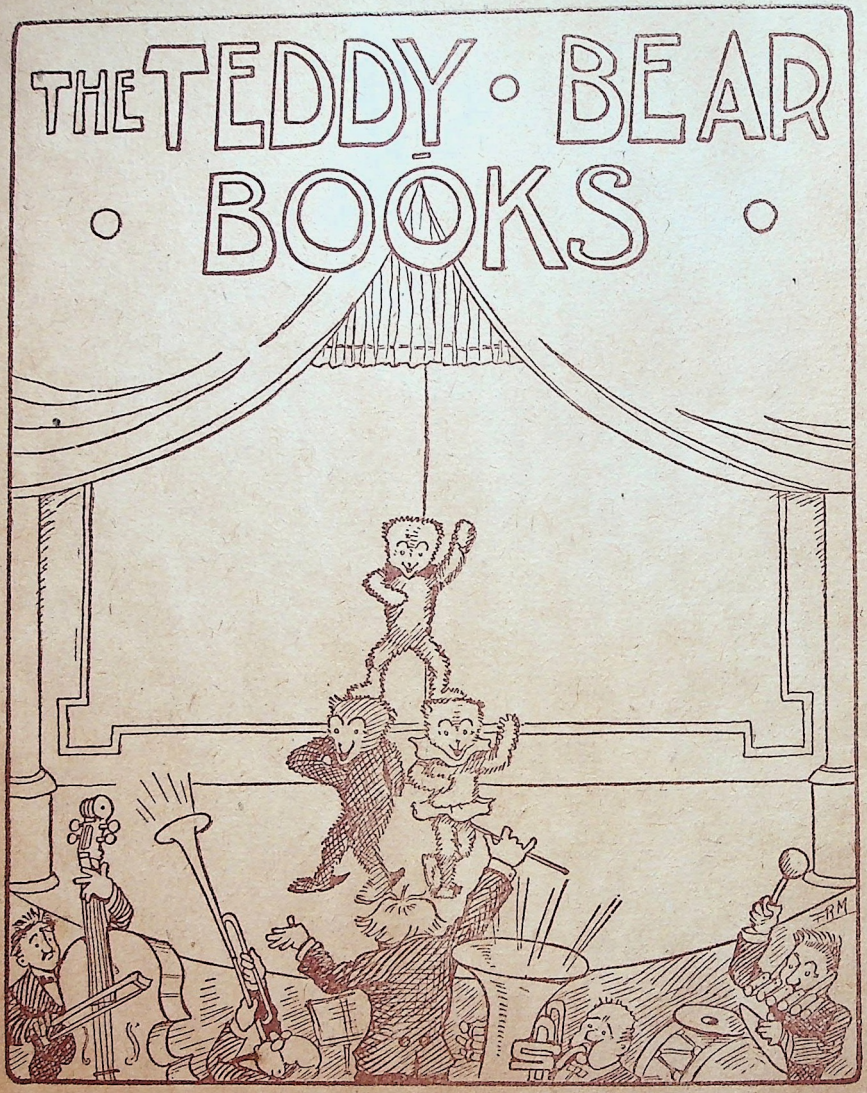
MOTHER GOOSE TALES

M. A. DONOHUE & CO.
CHICAGO

MOTHER GOOSE SERIES.

THE TEDDY BEAR BOOKS



FOXY GRANDPA SPARKLETS

LIST OF TITLES

FOXY GRANDPA RIDES THE GOAT
FOXY GRANDPA'S FANCY SHOOTING
FOXY GRANDPA AND HIS BOYS. FUN ON THE FARM
FOXY GRANDPA PLAYS SANTA CLAUS
FOXY GRANDPA SHOWS THE BOYS UP-TO-DATE SPORTS
FOXY GRANDPA PLAYS BALL

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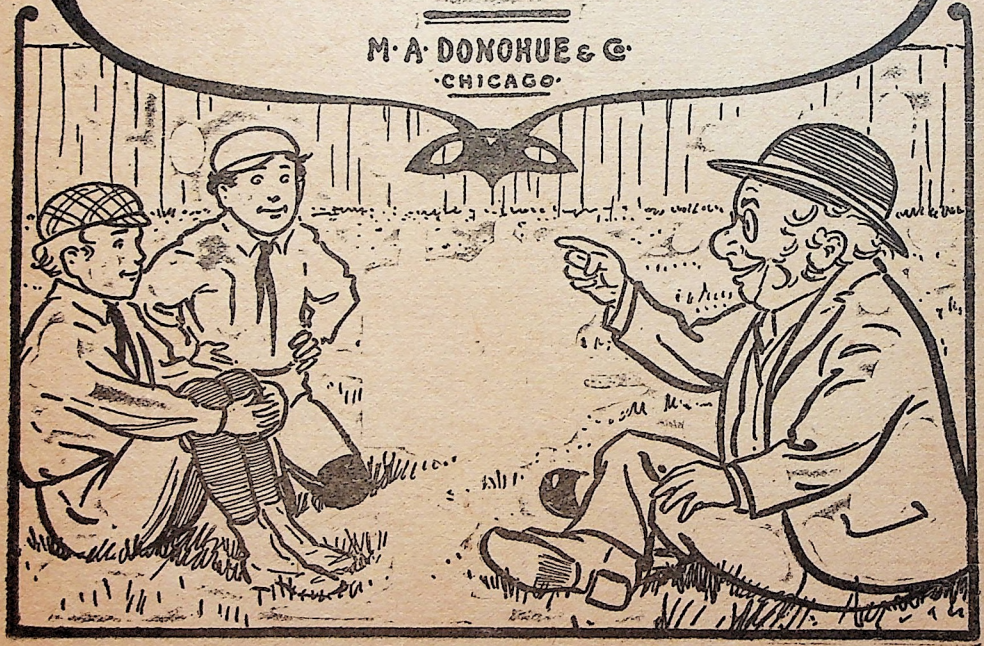

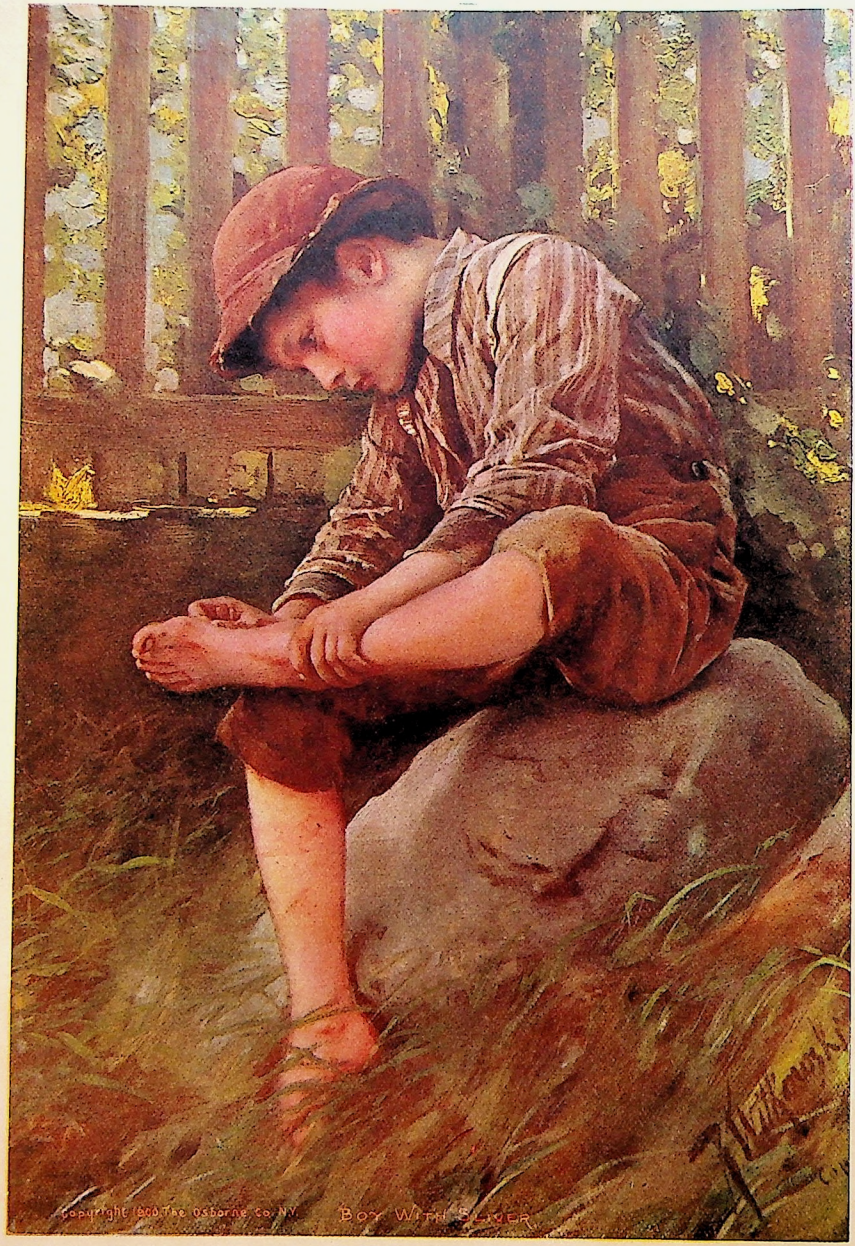
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BOY WITH SLIVER

MOTHER GOOSE'S TALES

A Collection of

Rhymes, Tales and Jingles

CHICAGO
M. A. DONOHUE & COMPANY
407-429 DEARBORN STREET

PRINTED AND BOUND
BY
M. A. DONOHUE & CO.
CHICAGO

NURSERY RHYME ALPHABET.

A was the Archer who shot at a frog.

B was Bo-peep, with her crook and her dog.

C was the Cow that jumped over the moon.

D was the Dish that ran off with the spoon.

E was Elizabeth, Betsey, and Bess.

F was the Forest where stood the bird's-nest.

G Gaffer Longlegs, downstairs he'd a fall.

H Humpty Dumpty that sat on the wall.

I was that "*I*" who was going to St. Ives.

J Jacky Horner, on plum-pie he thrives.

K was King Cole with his fiddlers three,

L Little Gold-Hair, peeping, you see.

M Mother Hubbard who thought her dog dead.

N Little Netticoat, with a red head.

NURSERY RHYME ALPHABET.

O the old Woman "upon market day;"

P was the "Pedlar" who passed by that way.

Q was the Queen of Hearts, tartlets she make

R was Red Riding Hood carrying the cakes.

S Simple Simon, the pieman beside.

T Tommy Tucker, for supper who cried.

U was the Unicorn, "beat round the town."

V was Victoria—he fought for her crown.

W Whittington, who turned again,

Over great London as Lord Mayor to reign.

X is a letter that here we can spare.

Y "Yankee Doodle," that went to the fair.

Z is the Zany who laughed at him there.

MOTHER GOOSE'S NURSERY RHYMES

OLD MOTHER GOOSE.

Old Mother Goose, when
She wanted to wander,
Would ride through the air
On a very fine gander.

Mother Goose had a house,
'T was built in a wood,
Where an owl at the door
For sentinel stood.

This is her son Jack,
A plain-looking lad,
He is not very good,
Nor yet very bad.

She sent him to market,
A live goose he bought,
"Here, mother," says he,
"It will not go for nought."

Jack's goose and her gander
Grew very fond,
They'd both eat together,
Or swim in one pond.

"SHE SENT HIM TO MARKET, A LIVE GOOSE HE BOUGHT."

Jack found one fine morning
As I have been told,
His goose had laid him
An egg of pure gold.

Jack rode to his mother,
The news for to tell,
She called him a good boy
And said it was well.

Jack sold his gold egg
To a rogue of a Jew,
Who cheated him out of
The half of his due.

Then Jack went a-courting
A lady so gay,
As fair as the lily,
And sweet as the May.

The Jew and the Squire
Came behind his back,
And began to belabour
The sides of poor Jack.

And then the gold egg
Was thrown into the sea.

When Jack he jumped in,
And got it back presently.

The Jew got the goose,
Which he vowed he would kill,
Resolving at once
His pockets to fill.

Jack's mother came in,
And caught the goose soon,
And mounting its back,
Flew up to the moon.

"JENNY BLUSHED BEHIND HER FAN."

THE MARRIAGE OF COCK ROBIN AND JENNY WREN.

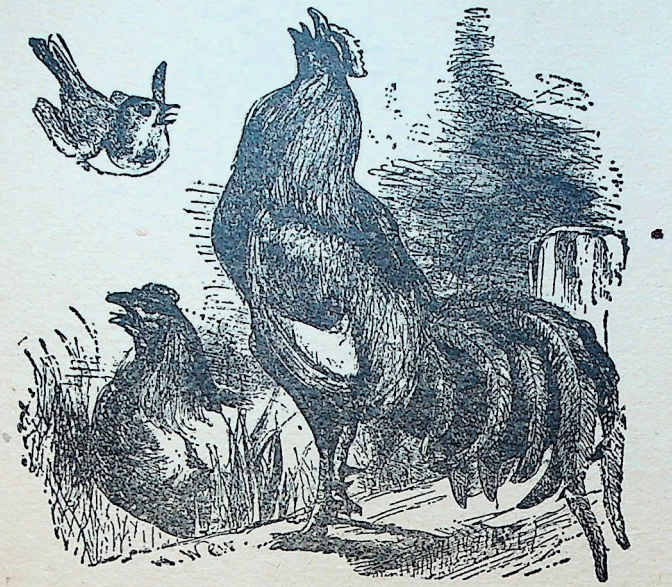
It was on a merry time,
  When Jenny Wren was young,
So neatly as she danced,
  And so sweetly as she sung,—

Robin Redbreast lost his heart:
  He was a gallant bird;
He doffed his hat to Jenny,
  And, thus to her he said:

"My dearest Jenny Wren,
If you will but be mine,
You shall dine on cherry-pie,
And drink nice currant-wine.

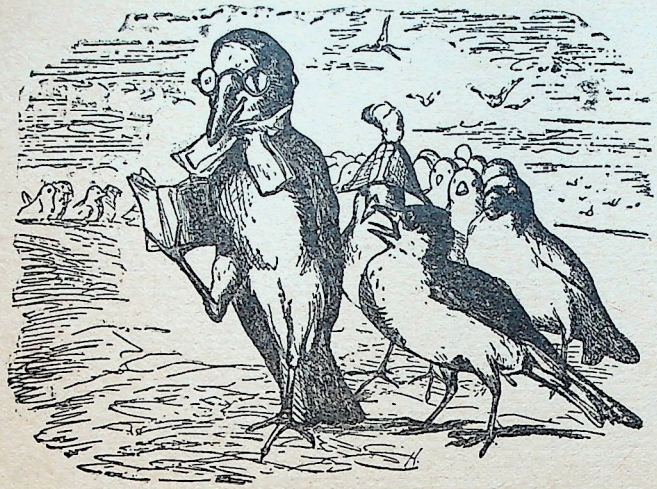
"I'll dress you like a goldfinch,
Or like a peacock gay;
So if you'll have me, Jenny,
Let us appoint the day."

MARRIAGE OF COCK ROBIN AND JENNY WREN.



Jenny blushed behind her fan,
And thus declared her mind:
"Then let it be to-morrow, Bob,—
I take your offer kind;

"Cherry-pie is very good,
So is currant-wine;
But I 'll wear my russet gown,
And never dress too fine."

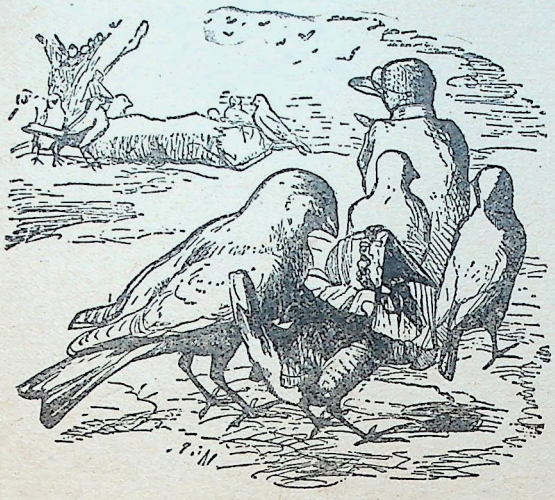


Robin rose up early,
At the break of day;
He flew to Jenny Wren's house,
To sing a roundelay.

He met the Cock and Hen,
And bade the Cock declare,
This was his wedding-day
With Jenny Wren the fair.

The Cock then blew his horn,
To let the neighbours know
This was Robin's wedding-day,
And they might see the show.

MARRIAGE OF COCK ROBIN AND JENNY WREN.



At first came Parson Rook,
With his spectacles and band;
And one of Mother Hubbard's books
He held within his hand.

Then followed him the Lark,
For he could sweetly sing,
And he was to be the clerk
At Cock Robin's wedding.

He sang of Robin's love
For Little Jenny Wren;
And when he came unto the end,
Then he began again.

The Goldfinch came on next.
To give away the Bride;
The Linnet, being bridesmaid,
Walked by Jenny's side:

And as she was a-walking,
Said, "Upon my word,
I think that your Cock Robin
Is a very pretty bird."

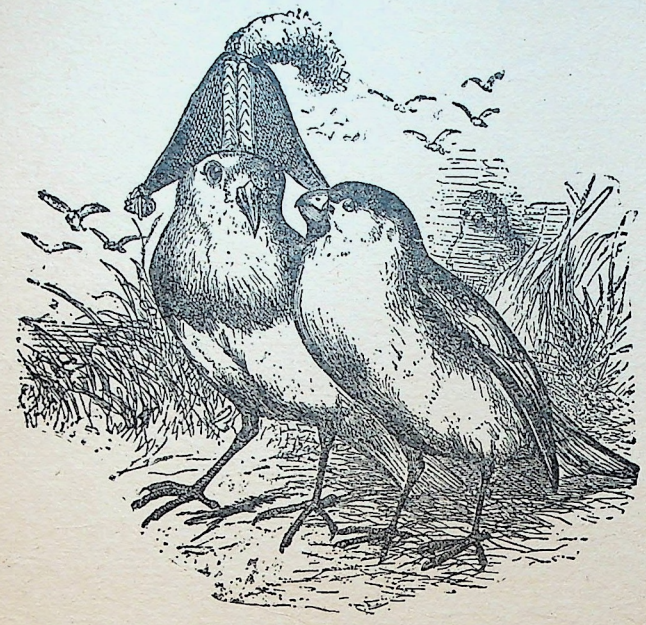
The Blackbird and the Thrush,
And charming Nightingale,
Whose sweet "jug" sweetly echoes
Through every grove and dale;

The Sparrow and Tomtit,
And many more, were there;
All came to see the wedding
Of Jenny Wren the fair.

The Bullfinch walked by Robin,
And thus to him did say,
Pray mark, friend Robin Redbreast,
That Goldfinch dressed so gay:

What though her gay apparel
Becomes her very well,
Yet Jenny's modest dress and look
Must bear away the bell."

MARRIAGE OF COCK ROBIN AND JENNY WREN.



Then came the Bride and Bridegroom
Quite plainly was she dressed,
And blushed so much, her cheeks were
As red as Robin's breast.

But Robin cheered her up;
"My pretty Jen," said he,
"We 're going to be married
And happy we shall be."

"Oh, then," says Parson Rook,
"Who gives this maid away?"
"I do," says the Goldfinch,
"And her fortune I will pay:

"Here's a bag of grain of many sorts,
And other things beside:
Now happy be the bridegroom,
And happy be the bride!"

"And will you have her, Robin,
To be your wedded wife?"
"Yes, I will," says Robin,
"And love her all my life!"

"And you will have him, Jenny,
Your husband now to be?"
"Yes, I will," says Jenny,
"And love him heartily!"

Then on her finger fair
Cock Robin put the ring;
"You're married now," says Parson Rook
While the Lark aloud did sing:

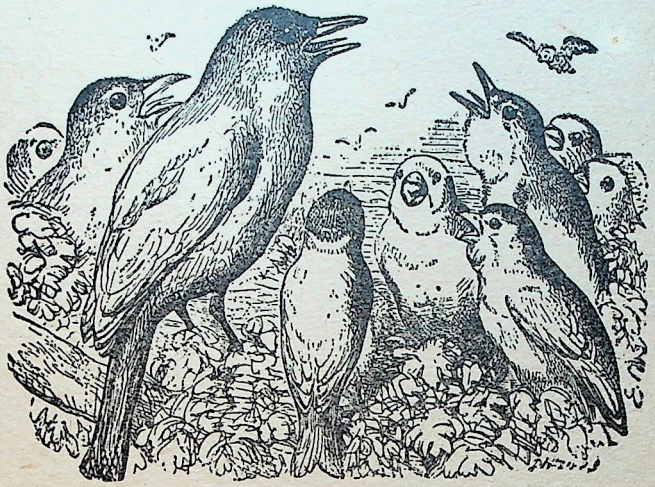
"Happy be the bridegroom,
And happy be the bride!
And may not man, nor bird, nor beast,
This happy pair divide!"

MARRIAGE OF COCK ROBIN AND JENNY WREN.

The birds were asked to dine,
Not Jenny's friends alone,
But every pretty songster
That had Cock Robin known.

They had a cherry-pie,
Besides some currant-wine,
And every guest brought something,
That sumptuous they might dine.

Now they all sat or stood,
To eat and to drink;
And every one said what
He happened to think.

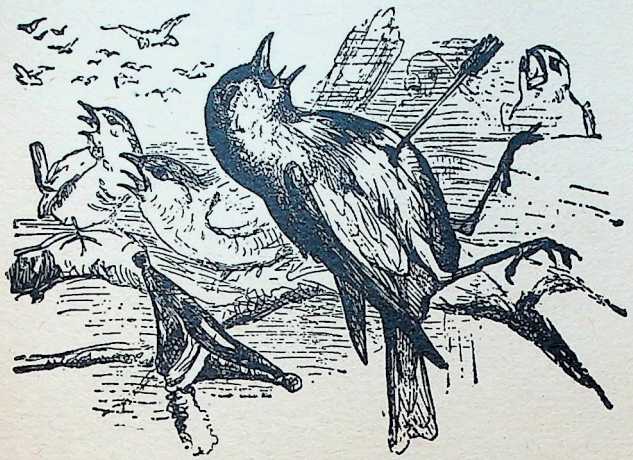


They each took a bumper,
And drank to the pair,
Cock Robin the bridegroom,
And Jenny the fair.

The dinner things removed,
They all began to sing,
And soon they made the place
Near a mile round to ring.

The concert it was fine,
And every bird tried
Who best should sing for Robin
And Jenny Wren the bride

MARRIAGE OF COCK ROBIN AND JENNY WREN.



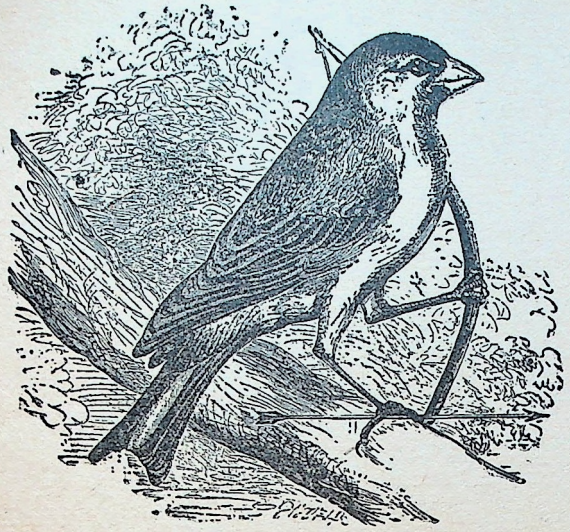
When in came the Cuckoo,
  And made a great rout:
He caught hold of Jenny,
  And pulled her about.

Cock Robin was angry
  And so was the Sparrow,
Who fetched in a hurry
  His bow and his arrow.

His aim then he took
  But he took it not right:
His skill was not good,
  Or he shot in a fright:

For the Cuckoo he missed,
  But Cock Robin he killed!—
And all the birds mourned
  That his blood was so spilled.

Alas! Poor Cock Robin!



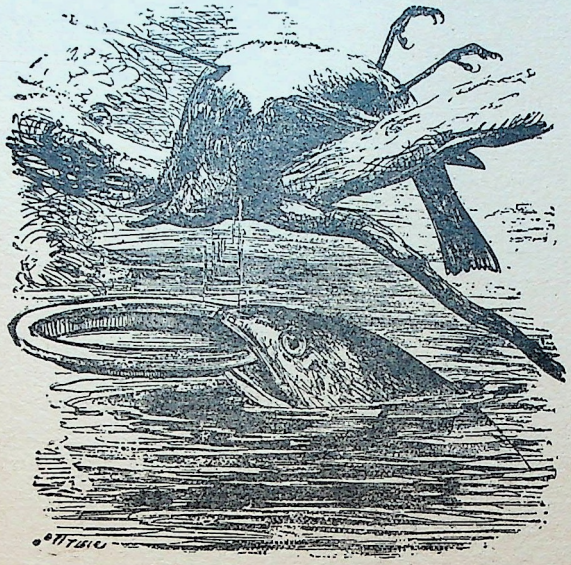
THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF POOR COCK ROBIN.

Who killed Cock Robin?
I, said the Sparrow,
With my bow and arrow,
I killed Cock Robin.

This is the Sparrow,
With his bow and arrow

Who saw him die?
I, said the Fly,
With my little eye,
I saw him die.

This is the little Fly
Who saw Cock Robin die

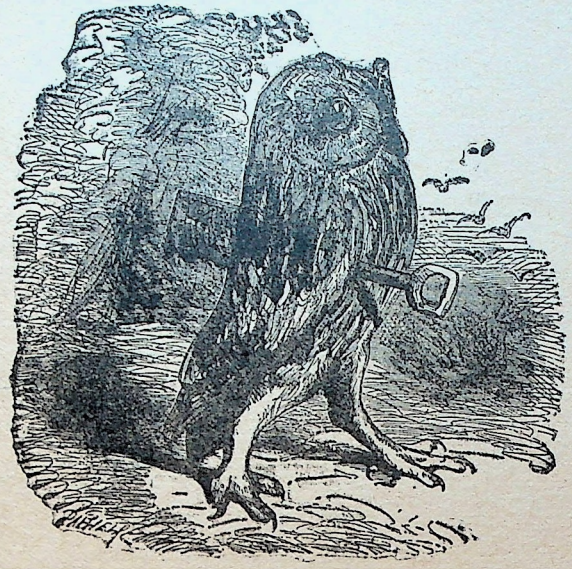


Who caught his blood?
I, said the Fish,
With my little dish,
I caught his blood.

This is the Fish,
That held the dish.

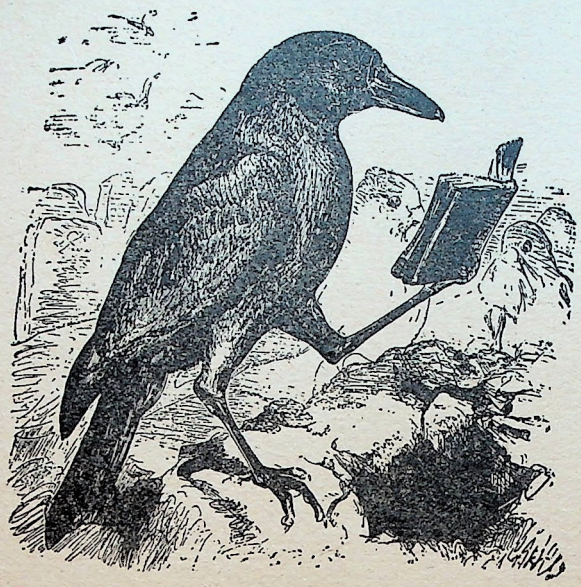
Who 'll make his shroud?
I, said the Beetle,
With my thread and needle,
I 'll make his shroud.

This is the Beetle,
With his thread and needle.



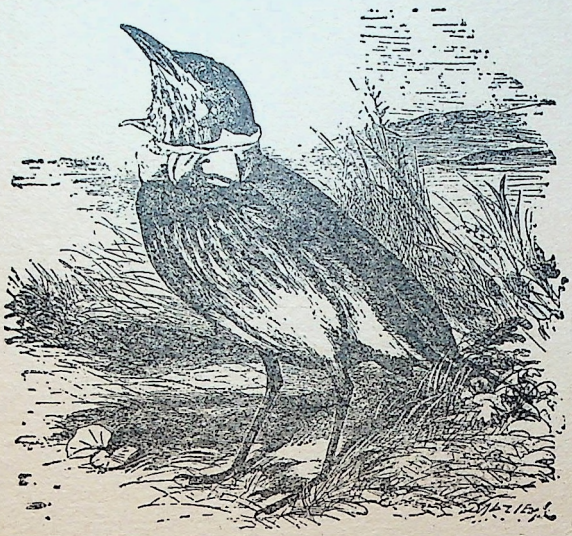
Who 'll dig his grave?
I, said the Owl,
With my spade and show'l,
I 'll dig his grave.

This is the Owl.
With his spade and show'l



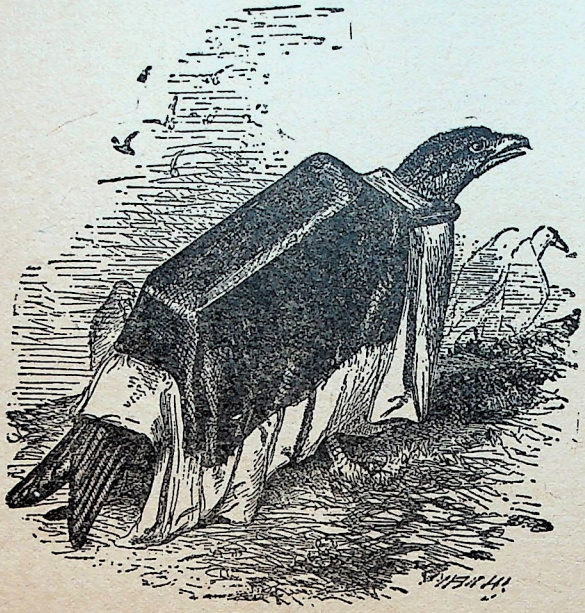
Who 'll be the Parson ?
I, said the Rook,
With my little book,
I 'll be the Parson.

This is the Rook,
Reading his book.



Who 'll be the Clerk?
I, said the Lark,
If it 's not in the dark,
I 'll be the Clerk.

This is the Lark,
Saying "Amen" like a clerk



Who'll carry him to the grave?
I, said the Kite,
If it's not in the night,
I'll carry him to the grave.

This is the Kite
About to take flight.

Who 'll carry the link?
I, said the Linnet,
I 'll fetch it in a minute,
I 'll carry the link.

This is the Linnet,
And a link with fire in it.

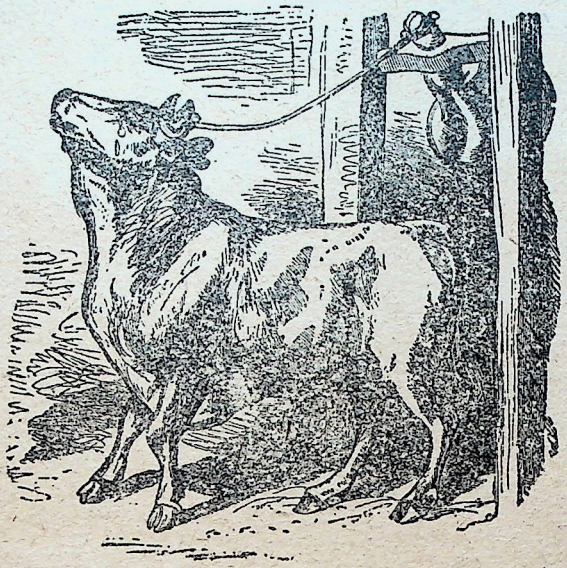
Who 'll be chief mourner?
I, said the Dove,
For I mourn for my love,
I 'll be chief mourner.

This is the Dove,
Who Cock Robin did love

DEATH AND BURIAL OF POOR COCK ROBIN.

Who 'll sing a psalm ?
I, said the Thrush.
As she sat in a bush.
I 'll sing a psalm.

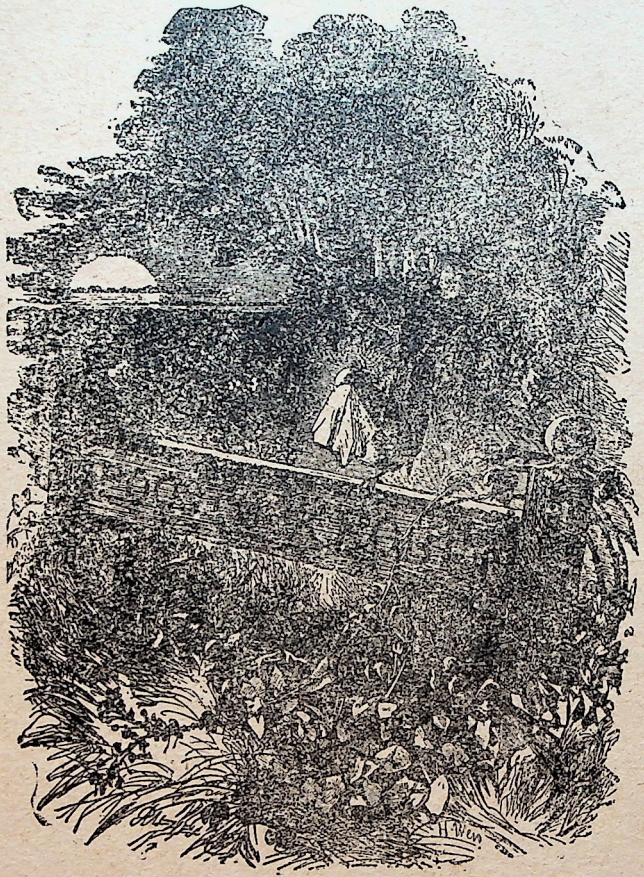
This is the Thrush.
Singing psalms from a bush



Who'll toll the bell?
I, said the Bull,
Because I can pull;
So, Cock Robin, farewell!

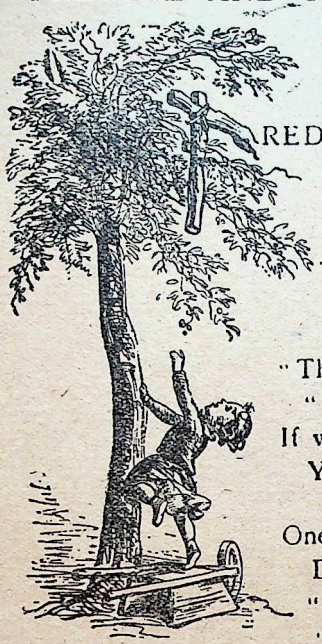
This is the Bull
Who the bell-rope did pull.

DEATH AND BURIAL OF POOR COCK ROBIN.



All the birds of the air
Fell a-sighing and sobbing,
When they heard the bell toll
For Poor Cock Robin.

FREDDIE AND THE CHERRY-TREE.



FREDDIE saw some fine ripe cherries
Hanging on a cherry-tree,
And he said, "You pretty cherries,
Will you not come down to me?"

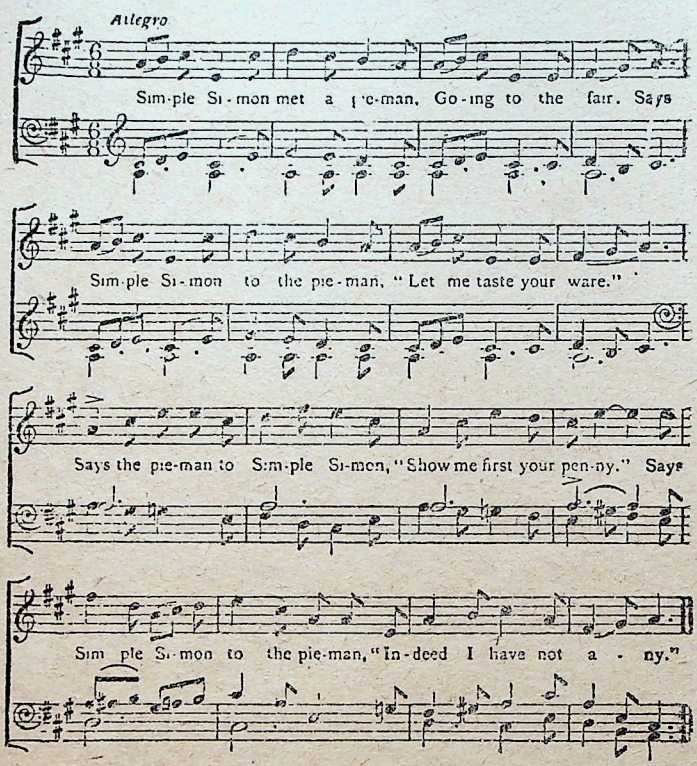
"Thank you kindly," said a cherry,
"We would rather stay up here,
If we ventured down this morning,
You would eat us up, I fear."

One, the finest of the cherries,
Dangled from a slender twig.
"You are beautiful," said Freddie,
"Red and ripe, and oh, how big!"

"Catch me," said the cherry, "catch me,
Little master, if you can."
"I would catch you soon," said Freddie,
"If I were a grown-up man."

Freddie jumped, and tried to reach it,
Standing high upon his toes;
But the cherry bobbed about,
And laughed, and tickled Freddie's nose.

SIMPLE SIMON.


Allegro
Sim-ple Si-mon met a pie-man, Go-ing to the fair. Says
Sim-ple Si-mon to the pie-man, "Let me taste your ware."
Says the pie-man to Sim-ple Si-mon, "Show me first your pen-ny." Says
Sim ple Si-mon to the pie-man, "In-deed I have not a - ny."

He went to catch a dickey-bird,
And thought he could not fail,
Because he'd got a little salt
To put upon his tai

He went to take a bird's nest,
Was built upon a bough
A branch gave way, and Simon fell
Into a dirty slough.

He went to shoot a wild duck,
But wild duck flew away;
Says Simon, "I can't hit him,
Because he will not stay."

Simple Simon went a-hunting,
For to catch a hare,

SIMPLE SIMON.

He rode an ass about the streets,
But couldn't find one there.

Simple Simon went a-fishing
For to catch a whale;
All the water he had got
Was in his mother's pail.

He went for to eat honey
Out of the mustard-pot,
He bit his tongue until he cried,
That was all the good he got.

He went to ride a spotted cow,
That had a little calf,
She threw him down upon the ground,
Which made the people laugh.

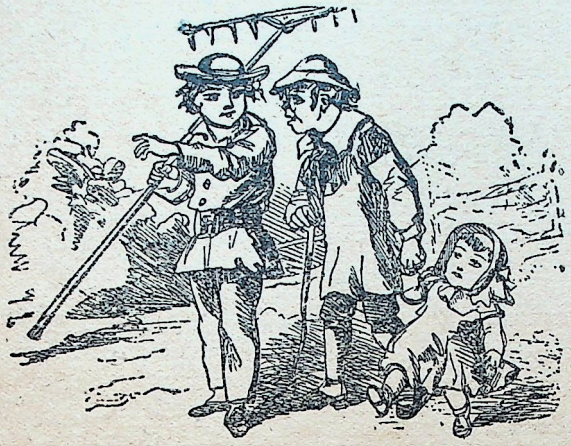
Once Simon made a great snowball,
And brought it in to roast;
He laid it down before the fire,
And soon the ball was lost.

He went to slide upon the ice,
Before the ice would bear;
Then he plunged in above his knees,
Which made poor Simon stare.

He washed himself with blacking-ball,
Because he had no soap;
Then said unto his mother,
"I'm a beauty now, I hope."

Simple Simon went to look
If plums grew on a thistle,
He pricked his fingers very much,
Which made poor Simon whistle.

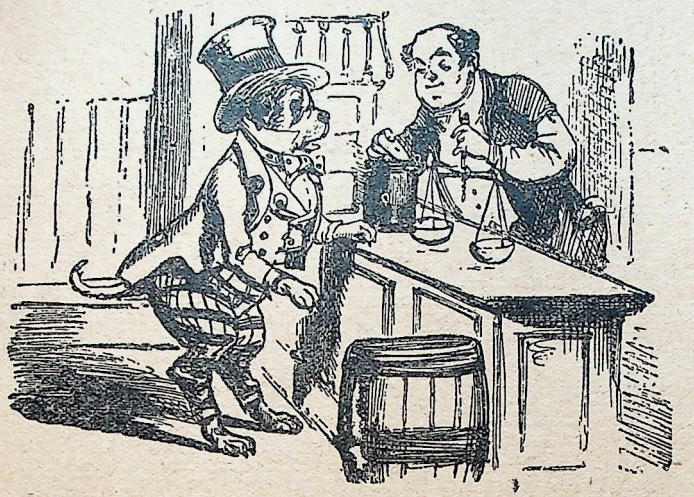
He went for water in a sieve
But soon it all ran through;
And now poor Simple Simon
Bids you all adieu.



Willy boy, Willy boy, where are you going?
I will go with you, if I may.
I am going to the meadows, to see them mowing,
I am going to see them make the hay.

Away, Birds, away!
Take a little, and leave a little,
And do not come again;
For if you do,
I will shoot you through,
And then there will be an end of you.

I HAD A LITTLE DOG.



I had a little dog, they called him Buff,
I sent him to the shop for a hap'orth of snuff
But he lost the bag, and spilt the snuff,
So take that cuff, and that's enough.

The Cock doth crow
To let you know,
If you be wise,
'T is time to rise.

Jack Sprat
Had a cat,
It had but one ear,
It went to buy butter,
When butter was dear.

The King of France went up the hill,
With twenty thousand men,
The King of France came down the hill,
And ne'er went up again.

"A CARRION CROW."

A CARRION CROW.

A carrion crow sat on an oak,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do.
Watching a tailor shape his coat,
Sing he, sing ho the old carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do!

Wife, bring me my old bent bow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do,
That I may shoot yon carrion crow;
Sing he, sing ho, the old carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do!

The tailor shot, and he missed his mark,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do,
And shot the miller's sow right through the heart
Sing he, sing ho, the old carrion crow
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do!

Wife! oh wife! bring brandy in a spoon,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do,
For the old miller's sow is in a swoon;
Sing he, sing ho, the old carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do!

Mary had a pretty bird,
Feathers bright and yellow,
Slender legs—upon my word,
He was a pretty fellow.

The sweetest notes he always sung,
Which much delighted Mary,
And near the cage she'd ever sit,
To hear her own canary.

Little Blue Betty lived in a lane,
She sold good ale to gentlemen;
Gentlemen came every day,
And Little Blue Betty hopped away;
She hopped upstairs to
make her bed,
And she tumbled down,
and broke her head.

[A CANDLE.]

Little Nancy Etticote,
In a white petticoat,
With a red nose;
The longer she stands,
The shorter she grows.

"A FROG HE WOULD A-WOOING GO."

A FROG HE WOULD A-WOOING GO.

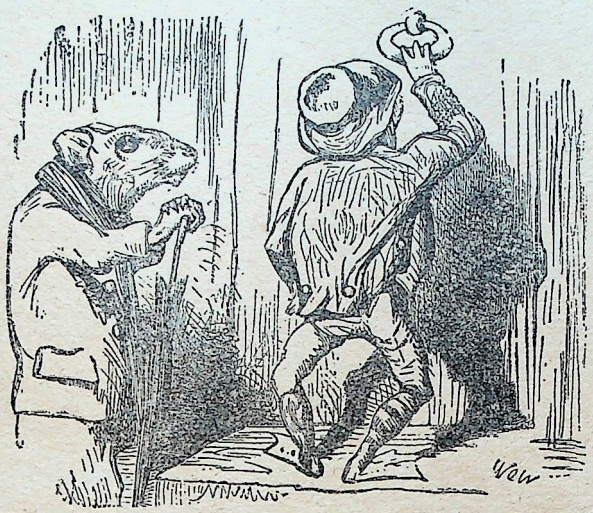
A Frog he would a-wooing go,
Heigho, says Rowley,
Whether his mother would let him or no.
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

So off he set with his opera hat,
Heigho, says Rowley,
And on the road he met with a rat.
With a rowley powley, &c

"Pray, Mr. Rat, will you go with me,
Heigho, says Rowley,
Kind Mrs. Mousey for to see?"
With a rowley powley, &c

When they came to the door of Mousey's hall,
Heigho, says Rowley,
They gave a loud knock, and they gave a loud call.
With a rowley powley, &c

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?"
Heigho, says Rowley,
"Oh, yes, kind sirs, I'm sitting to spin."
With a rowley powley, &c



"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, will you give us some beer?
Heigho, says Rowley,
For Froggy and I are fond of good cheer."
With a rowley powley, &c

"Pray, Mr. Frog, will you give us a song?
Heigho, says Rowley,
But let it be something that's not very long."
With a rowley powley, &c

"Indeed, Mrs. Mouse," replied the Frog,
Heigho, says Rowley,

A FROG HE WOULD A WOOING GO.

"A cold has made me as hoarse as a hog.
With a rowley powley, &c

"Since you have caught cold, Mr. Frog," Mousey said,
Heigho, says Rowley.
"I'll sing you a song that I have just made."
With a rowley powley, &c

But while they were all a merry-making,
Heigho, says Rowley.
A cat and her kittens came tumbling in
With a rowley powley, &c.

The cat she seized the rat by the crown
Heigho, says Rowley.
The kittens they pulled the little mouse down
With a rowley powley, &c.

This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright
Heigho, says Rowley
He took up his hat, and he wished them good night
With a rowley powley, &c

But as Froggy was crossing over a brook,
Heigho, says Rowley,
A lily-white duck came and gobbled him up.
With a rowley powley, &c.

So there was an end of one, two, and three,
Heigho, says Rowley,
The Rat, the Mouse, and the little Frog-gee!
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

I SAW A SHIP A-SAILING.

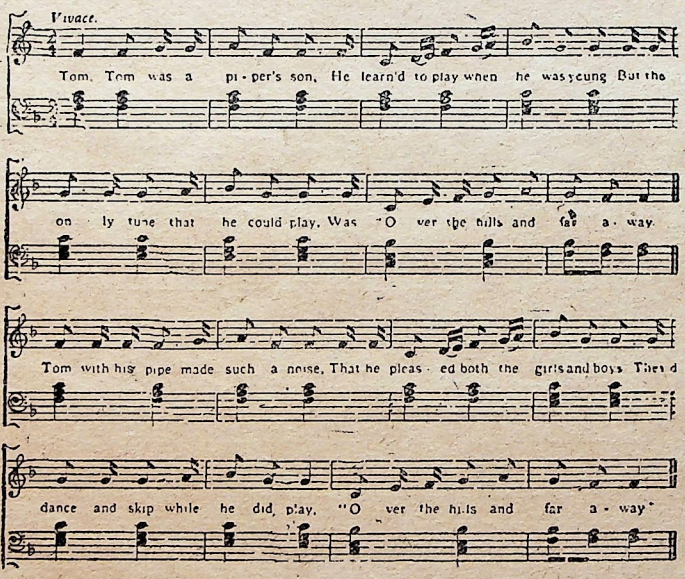
I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
And, oh! it was all laden
With pretty things for thee!

There were comfits in the cabin,
And apples in the hold,
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were made of gold.

The four and twenty sailors
That stood between the decks,
Were four and twenty white mice,
With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck,
With a packet on his back;
And when the ship began to move,
The captain said, "Quack! quack!"

"AS SOON AS HE PLAY'D THEY BEGAN FOR TO DANCE."

TOM, TOM, THE PIPER'S SON.

Vivace.
Tom, Tom was a pi - per's son, He learn'd to play when he was young But the
on ly tune that he could play, Was "O ver the hills and far a - way.
Tom with his pipe made such a noise, That he pleas - ed both the girls and boys They'd
dance and skip while he did play, "O ver the hills and far a - way"

Tom with his pipe did play with such skill, That those who heard him could nev-er keep still; As

soon as he play'd they be-gan for to dance, E-veh pigs on their hind-legs would after him prance. He

met Old Dame Trot with a bas-ket of Eggs—He used his pipe and she used her legs; She

danc'd a-bout till her eggs were all broke, She be-gan for to fret, but he laugh'd at the joke. And as

Dol - ly was milk-ing her cow one day, Tom took out his pipe and be - gan for to play; So

Doll and the cow they danc'd a lilt, Till the pail fell down and the milk was all spilt. Tom

saw a cross fel- low was beat-ing an ass, Heavy la- den with pots, pans, dish- es, and glass; He

took out his pipe and he play'd them a tune, And the poor donkey's load was lighten'd full soon.

There was an old woman, as I 've heard tell,
She went to market her eggs for to sell;
She went to market all on a market day,
And she fell asleep on the King's highway.

There came by a pedlar, whose name was Stout,
He cut her petticoats all round about;
He cut her petticoats up to the knees,
Which made the old woman to shiver and freeze.

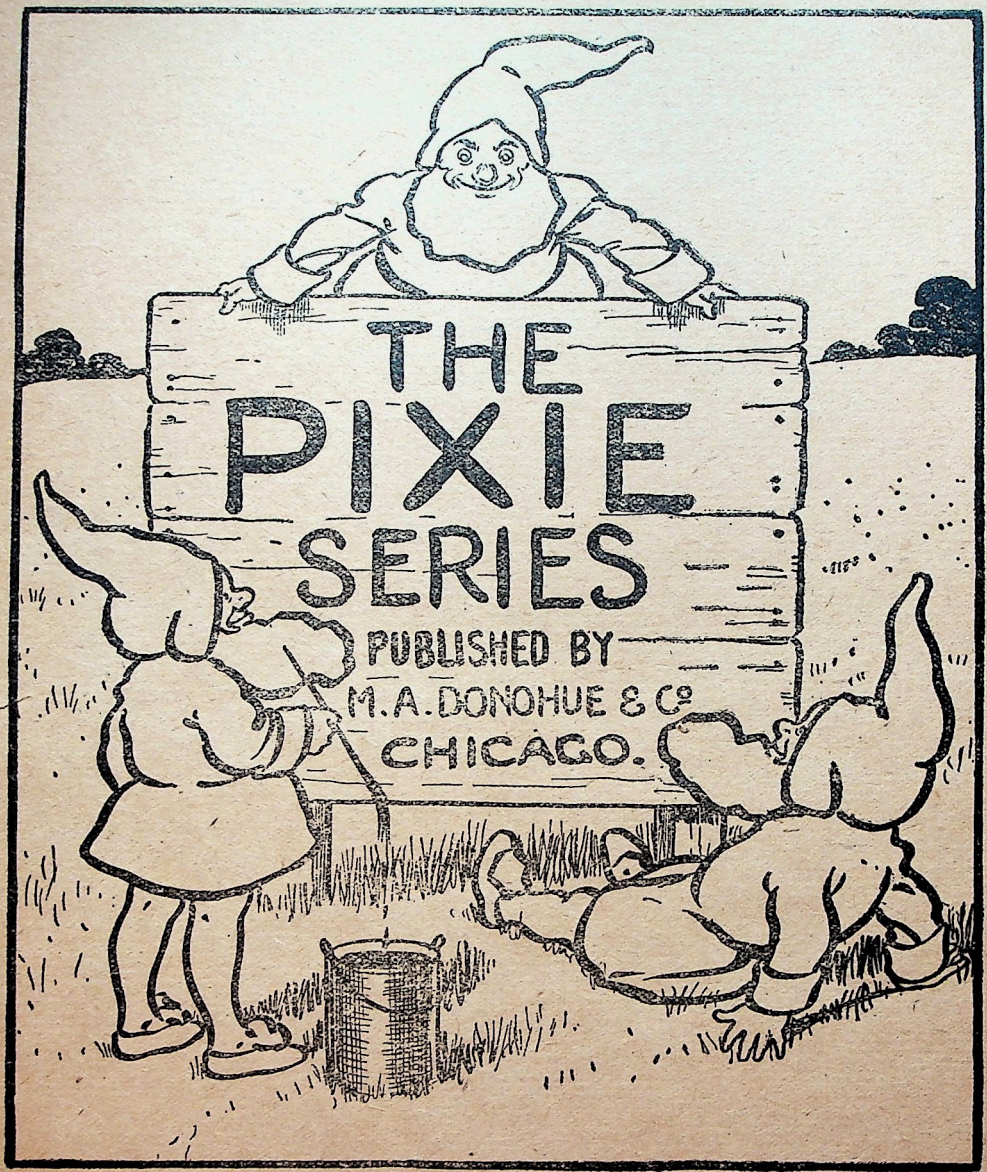
When the little old woman first did wake,
She began to shiver and she began to shake;
She began to wonder, and she began to cry,
Lauk a mercy on me, this can't be I!

But if it be I, as I hope it be,
've a little dog at home, and he'll know me;
If it be I, he'll wag his little tail,
And if it be not I, he'll loudly bark and wail."

Home went the little woman all in the dark,
Up got the little dog, and he began to bark;
He began to bark, so she began to cry,
"Lauk a mercy on me, this is none of I!"

High diddle ding,
Did you hear the bells ring?
The Parliament soldiers are gone to the King!
Some they did laugh, some they did cry,
To see the Parliament soldiers pass by.

Three wise men of
Gotham
Went to sea in a
bowl;
If the bowl had been
stronger
My story had been
longer.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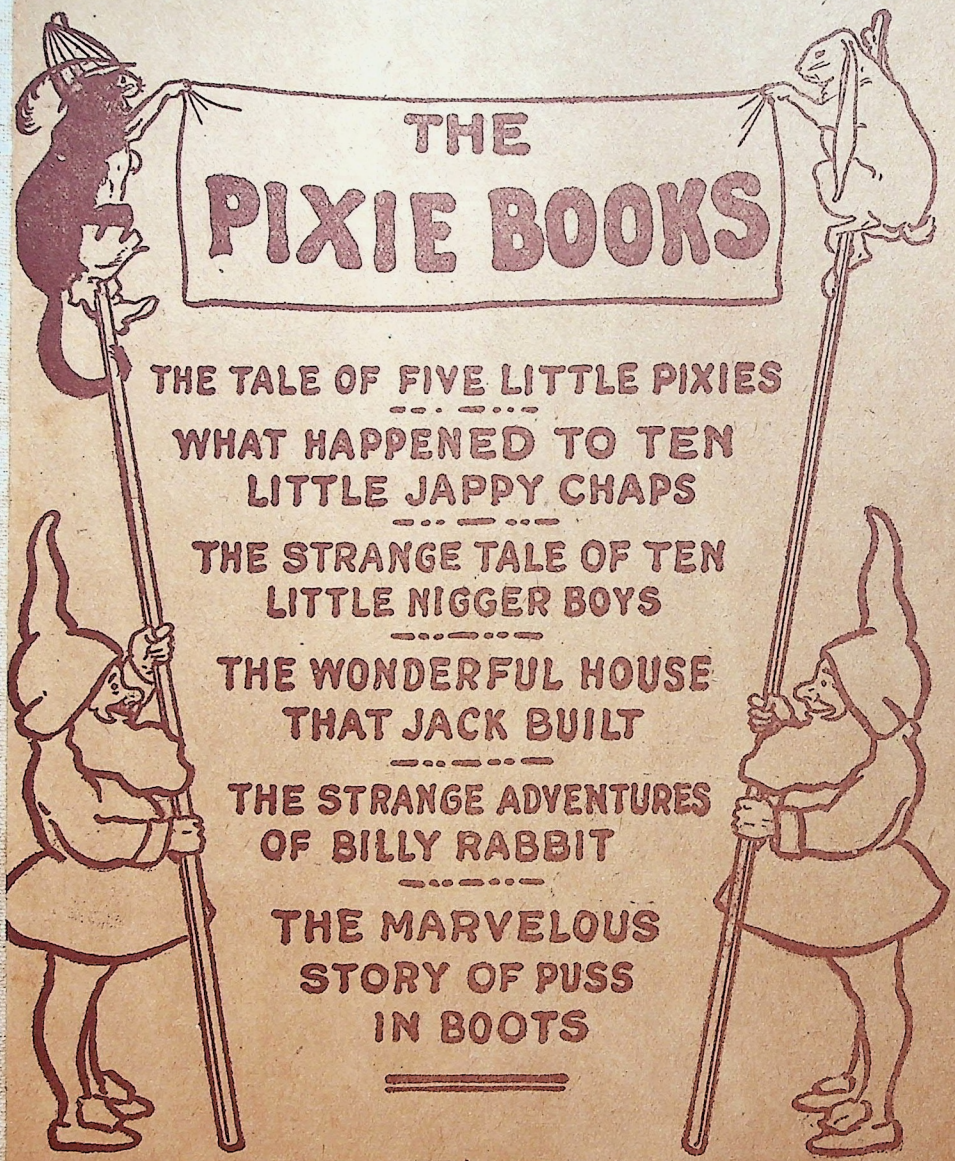

THE PIXIE BOOKS

THE TALE OF FIVE LITTLE PIXIES

WHAT HAPPENED TO TEN LITTLE JAPPY CHAPS

THE STRANGE TALE OF TEN LITTLE NIGGER BOYS

THE WONDERFUL HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF BILLY RABBIT

THE MARVELOUS STORY OF PUSS IN BOOTS